
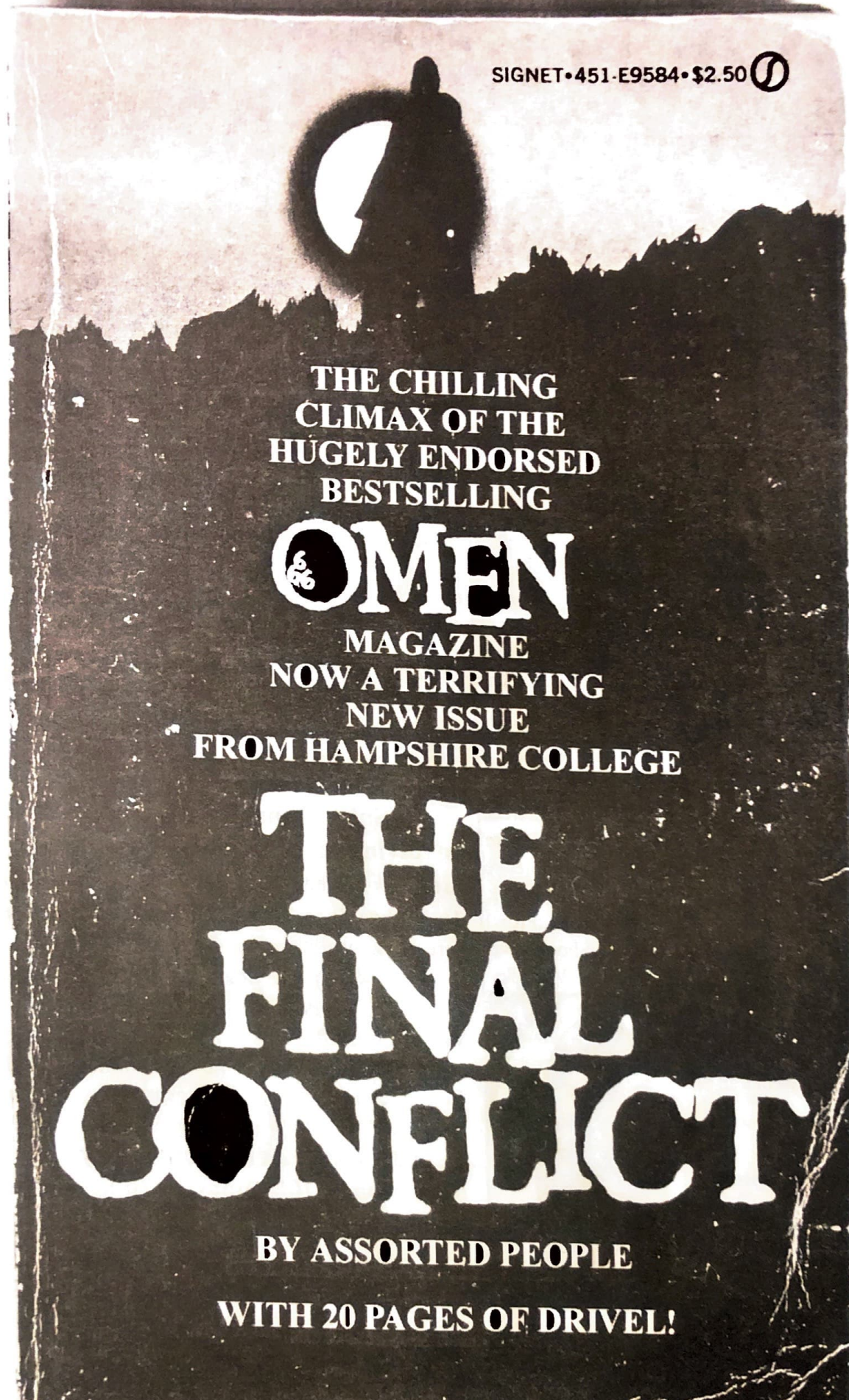


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THE CHILLING
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OMEN

MAGAZINE
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NEW ISSUE
FROM HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

THE FINAL CONFLICT

BY ASSORTED PEOPLE
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c o n t e n t s

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The Omen

Volume 12, Number 6
April 15, 1999

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Omega Supreme
Jacob Chabot.....	Optimus Prime
Mat Lauritsen.....	Rodimus Prime
Mark Hugo.....	Starscream
Jason Wilder Konschak.....	Megatron
Michael Pierce.....	Grimlock
Jess VanScoy.....	Arcee
Dave Killen.....	Jetfire
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Bumblebee
Aemily Reshen.....	Laserbeak
Gareth Edel.....	Prowl
Tyler Carey.....	Shockwave
Gus Andrews.....	Spike Witwicky

Contributors

Jennifer J Barr-DiPiazza
Catharine Bell-Wetteroth
Caleb Chabot

"Sam
Donaldson is
Vulcan Hitler."

-Wade Stuckwisch

Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. Submit to Michael Pierce (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). We prefer submissions on disk — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

Community by Infant Death

by Michelle Beach

Playgrounds are awesome. At home my friends and I spend all of our time in playgrounds (mostly because there is nothing else to do in Steubenville, Ohio—but they are still cool places to hang out).

The elementary school I went to didn't have a playground. We spent sunny days playing on the black top in the parking lot (which gets really, really hot). The bus stop I waited at every morning had one playground-like attraction—a railing that was good for sliding down (and the private school skirts I had to wear made the ride quite fast). But this was a poor substitute and we would often get yelled at by teachers who were afraid we would get hurt.

So, to make up for this missing piece of my childhood, my friends and I often go searching for really cool playgrounds. Unfortunately, Steubenville is not known for its playgrounds. The best we could find is the remaining wooden playground with a few swings and a tower type thing. The rest have evolved into plastic that shocks you every time you move.

Recently when doing research for my Div 3, I came across

one of the best playgrounds that I have ever seen. Travis Dale and I were looking for the school where I was to interview teachers the next day. When we finally found it, there in front of us was the biggest playground I have ever seen.

It was all wood and made into a giant maze. There were so many levels and tunnels and towers to explore. It had swings and weird things that moved back and forth when you stood on them and a bar that you grabbed on to and it swung you across a pole. And there were monkey bars! Monkey bars seem to have become a thing of the past in playgrounds (backyard swing sets still have them but I guess playground designers think they are too dangerous). Old tires made tunnels—not only going across ones but up and down ones too. And firemen's poles. It was great. Perfect for playing pirates, hide 'n' seek, lava monster, and tag. So much better than the plastic stuff that seems to be taking over.

When I went back the next day, there were a bunch of kids around but none of them were playing on the playground. I just don't know what's wrong with kids today; they don't appreciate a good thing when they have one.

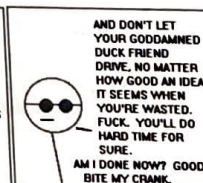
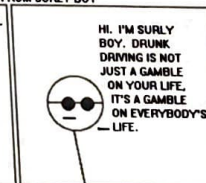
The best playground I have ever been to is in Sea World of Ohio. It is enormous. The goal of it is to encourage parents to play with their kids so everything is built on a larger scale. The best are the nets to climb up and tunnels to crawl through. The only problem is that they won't let you climb down.

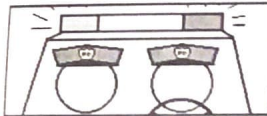
All college campuses should have playgrounds for college sized kids. Well, Hampshire at least. Think about it; a playground would be perfect for building community. When there are swings outside of Dakin they are always in use. Just think of what it would be like if we had some towers and slides too. Who needs a community center when you've got a playground? People will always be recruiting new people to join in their playground games. The more people there are playing tag or lava monsters across the many levels of a playground, the better the games are.

In a community center you just sit around and talk, but on a playground, you can push each other on swings and chase each other around. You decide which builds more community.

by Jacob Chabot

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM SURLY BOY





POLICE LOG!

March 23 - April 5

Motor Vehicle Stop

Mar. 25, 7:15 p.m.: Main Drive; speeding—verbal warning
Mar. 25, 7:19 p.m.: Dakin Road; speeding—verbal warning
Mar. 25, 7:45 p.m.: Back gate; speeding—verbal warning
Mar. 26, 1:45 a.m.: Dakin: speeding—verbal ng
Apr. 1, 1:35 a.m.: Dakin Road; speeding—verbal warning
Apr. 1, 7:32 p.m.: Main Drive; speeding violation—opera—or spoken with
Apr. 1, 11:02 p.m.: Dakin Road; speeding/stop sign violation—verbal—warning

Motor Vehicle Tow

Mar. 23, 1:38 a.m.: Greenwich Circle; vehicle towed from Fire Lane
Mar. 29, 4:20 a.m.: Prescott; vehicle moved—no tow
Mar. 29, 7:57 a.m.: FPH Lot; vehicle towed from faculty/staff lot
Mar. 29, 9:01 a.m.: FPH; vehicle towed from faculty/staff lot
Apr. 1, 2:40 a.m.: Merrill; fire lane/tow zone—vehicle towed from loading dock
Apr. 3, 1:45 a.m.: Dakin Firelane

Motor Vehicle Accident

Mar. 28, 2:18 a.m.: Back road by tennis courts—serious motor vehicle accident

Larceny

Mar. 26, 5:38 p.m.: Merrill C; stolen bike

Vandalism

Apr. 1, 10:45 a.m.: Dining Commons screen torn

Disturbance

Mar. 23, 12:25 a.m.: Greenwich 8; small party—all set
Mar. 27, 12:15 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint re A-1
Mar. 27, 4:05 a.m.: Room 205; noise disturbance
Apr. 2, 12:02 a.m.: Greenwich; noise complaint re 8
Apr. 2, 12:34 a.m.: Enfield 70; playing instruments outside—gone upon arrival
Apr. 2, 1:24 a.m.: Prescott; screaming in quad area—all quiet
Apr. 3, 2:17 a.m.: Mod 27; noise complaint

Liquor Law Violation

Mar. 28, 1:25 a.m.: Enfield 44; alcohol being served after 1:30
Apr. 4, 12:48 a.m.: Merrill; along restroom—keg confiscated A-1

Fire/Fire Alarms

Mar. 25, 3:30 p.m.: Prescott; burned food in apt 86
Mar. 25, 11:39 p.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke E-4 lounge
Mar. 25, 11:44 p.m.: Prescott; cigarette smoke—apt 95
Mar. 27, 3:26 p.m.: Merrill C basement; cooking smoke
Apr. 2, 1:40 a.m.: Fire, Walk between Library and FPH, box burning on sidewalk extinguished

Unwanted Person/Suspicious Person

Apr. 4, 10:39 p.m.: Merrill; individual escorted to the bus stop
Apr. 5, 2:16 p.m.: Greenwich/Enfield office; individual escorted off campus

Drug Violation

Apr. 3, 12:10: Back road; marijuana found

Intrusion Alarm

Mar. 23, 8:00 a.m.: Admissions; accidental
Mar. 26, 11:47 p.m.: Film and Photo; accidental

Safety Hazard/Fire Hazard

Mar. 23, 2:25 p.m.: Cole Science Center, 3rd floor; odor of burning paper—no problem
Mar. 27, 12:28 a.m.: Merrill A, closet next to A418; spilling combustible contents to corridor floor
Mar. 27, 4:05 p.m.: Greenwich; odor—starter fluid from charcoal grill
Mar. 29, 12:47 a.m.: Dakin Master's House; both ovens left on
Apr. 2, 9:15 p.m.: Enfield 47; gasoline removed from area

Animals

Mar. 26, 12:14 a.m.: Saga; Dog on campus—owner contacted
Mar. 26, 4:00 p.m.: Dining Commons; loading dock—report of injured skunk
Mar. 28, 5:50 p.m.: Dining Commons; loading dock—disposed of
Mar. 29, 2:23 p.m.: FPH; complaint re dog in building

Special Service

Mar. 23, 12:10 a.m.: Merrill; mother requested assistance in contacting son—student contacted
Apr. 3, 11:45 p.m.: Merrill; parent needed to contact daughter

Protection of Dine' Livestock and Civil Rights

by Jennifer J Barr-DiPiazza

The abuses faced daily by the Dine' living on Hopi Partitioned Land (HPL) are mostly tied to two separate issues: livestock and the lack of civil rights. Many of the traditional Dine' are subsistence sheep herders, who practice husbandry methods that have allowed them to live in balance with the local ecosystem for hundreds of years. The advent of commercial ranching in the 20th century, especially cattle grazing, has placed strains upon the ecosystem that required the establishment of a range management system administered by the BIA. The system requires permitting of all livestock and strict controls over access to specific grazing areas.

The issuance of permits is a political issue, and the Dine' now living on HPL are the losers in the political arena. The impoundment of their livestock is part of a systematic effort to deprive them of their means of survival and force them off their land, and it has little connection to the impact that their small subsistence herds have upon the ecosystem. In addition to the problems in the permitting system, the enforcement of often does not follow required procedures and occasionally is politically motivated.

For example, a family that invited a UN investigator to their home received impoundment notices the next week. Impounded livestock are often abused, and the fees associated with retrieving impounded livestock are beyond the means of subsistence herders.

The confiscation of livestock is the main flashpoint in the conflict

between the Dine' and the authorities. It brings caravans of armed officials into the homesites to haul away the animals on which the survival of the families depends.

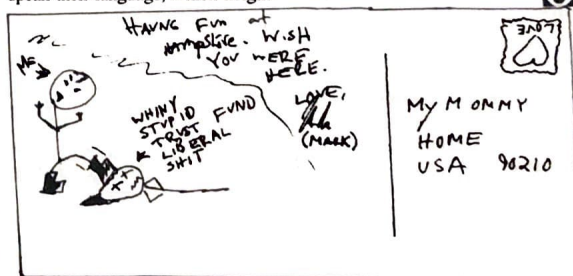
These confrontations have a high potential for escalating into violence. The 1974 Navajo-Hopi Settlement Act severed the Dine' families living on HPL of all civil rights. They are subject to the power of a government for which they are not allowed to vote and in which they are not allowed to participate. They are not allowed to participate in the judicial system in any capacity other than defendant, and their homes and property may be arbitrarily confiscated. **They are required to get permits to hold religious ceremonies, as well as to obtain permits for routine daily activities** such as gathering firewood. The issuance of all such permits is at the discretion of a government that is openly hostile to them. The police and other officials do not speak their language, which height-

ens the terror experienced by the Dine' in all encounters with the officials. No remedial mechanism exists that allows the people any way to protest or contest any actions of the authorities.

The official justification for this oppression is that the Dine' fall under the same classification as other non tribal members who choose to live on reservations. The US court system has upheld the validity of such second-class citizenship when it was contested by people who entered the reservations voluntarily, such as non-tribal spouses who choose to live on the reservation. The Dine' families did not enter into the relationship voluntarily, but rather by an act of the US Congress. The law forced them to accept the loss of all their civil rights as the price for continuing to live on the land which their families had occupied for hundreds of years and to which they were inseparably bound by their religion.

All information was provided by The Sovereign Dineh Nation.

For more information or suggestions of how you can help please contact jjbF95@hamp.hampshire.edu



submitted by Mark Hugo



Alex the Sexual Activist

by Wade Stuckwisch

Sadly, the Hampshire Six is still closed, which makes it very tough for a auto-less guy like me to see movies. Therefore, my movie review for this week is actually all about Hampshire student activism. (But please accept this still frame from the fine film *A Clockwork Orange*, by the sorely missed Stanley Kubrick, as my apology.)

Activism is a good thing. Passivity can also be a good thing, especially mixed with unmoderate alcohol use after a stressful week; but that is beside the point. Hampshire student activism, on the other hand, is not always a good thing. I would like to stress the use of the phrase *not always* in the previous sentence. I've seen lots of Hampshire students do lots of great things for the school, the surrounding community, and the larger world to a smaller extent, none of which I will now mention by name. On the other hand (to reiterate previous sentence structure), I have also seen lots of students do lots of stupid, unproductive things in the name of activism just to feel good about themselves.

What I am offering here is a constructive criticism of on-campus Hampshire activism, mixed with a healthy dose of sarcasm. Admittedly, I suppose I could stick this in *The Forward* since it is actually meant to be constructive, but then I would have to write a movie review. I suggest all on-campus "activists" hang this article up in their rooms or meeting places as a friendly critique and a re-

minder that there are valid contradictory opinions out there. I'd also like to point out that this article is not about any specific student, students, or group of students (especially since I just finished working with a group of student "activists" on the whole "activist mod" issue). If you think this article is about you, that's your problem.

There are two types of activism in the world—the kind which helps people and the kind that helps lazy, upper-class college liberals feel better about themselves. For example, feeding hungry people (like Food Not Bombs, for example) is good activism. Feeding snacks to college students (like Food Not Bombs Northampton—move to Springfield or something!) is not good activism, because it is of no real benefit to anyone. I'd say that 79% of all the activism at Hampshire falls into the latter category.

Because most Hampshire students are a) lazy, upper-class college students, and b) have schoolwork to do, the favorite

type of "activism" at Hampshire seems to be of the "awareness-raising" type. This is the easiest type of ego boost for the typical collegiate liberal. Now, obviously many issues desperately need someone to get the word out. But, there is typically a good way to do this and a silly, toothless, "feel good about your political awareness" way. The latter method includes a) preaching to the saved, and b) not including any useful information, as two examples among many.

For example, I remember last year when some group or another put up a bunch of posters around campus about spousal abuse. So... just how many Hampshire students are married, let alone beating their spouses? Yippee. Now I know there's spousal abuse in the outside world. I sure wish there was something I could do with this information. The effect of this type of activism can best be illustrated by holding your hand out at a 90 degree angle, palm up, making a fist, and motioning as if shaking dice.

The same goes to the Free



Tibet group's recent poster campaign. First, they started by putting up a whole bunch of posters that said "1.3 Million Dead"—that's it. Then, after the anonymous number of the week posters, they finally followed with a few posters which said "Save Tibet Now" or something like that. Does this advertising campaign actually tell me anything interesting about Tibet, like what I can do about the situation? **At least the "Billions and Billions Served" signs at McDonald's imply that I, too, can buy a hamburger there.** I'm

sorry, guys, but if you think you can change the Chinese government "now," it's going to take more than jerking the chains of a few Hampshire students. I mean, China has nuclear warheads, tanks, and a stable fascist government, not to mention booming trade and excellent foreign relations with our own United States. Go bribe some senators, or at least get the news off campus.

Then there was the fast in support of "low-income students at UMass." I thought this was the worst example of bullshit "activism" Hampshire had ever seen until I found out that Sodexo-Marriott was donating money to an organization supporting low-income students at UMass for every student participating in the fast. Personally, I'm a lot more impressed with Sodexo-Marriott for being so generous than I am with anyone who skipped SAGA for a day. Yes, kudos for raising the money, everyone, but anyone who was actually trying to experience "solidarity" with low-income students by fasting for a day was only doing it for themselves. I feel that I can speak freely about this issue since, technically, I could be considered a low-income student at Hampshire. (Not that I'm claiming that I have been anything but privileged at any time in my life.) For example, if the college cut all my financial aid and I wound up juggling a serious job, a family, and enrollment at a state university, y'all could starve yourselves to death in your cushy, glorified summer camp of a college for all I care (but thanks for the money).

So, in the end, all I have to say to you politically active students out there is: there's activism, and there's making a political fashion statement. Don't be that fashion statement guy. It's like that movie *The Matrix*—it looks good and it sounds like there's something concrete behind it, but in the end it's just eye candy. Not to say *The Matrix* was a bad movie. But it wasn't nearly as good as the completely unrelated *A Clockwork Orange*. And that's the movie review. G'night.

NEXT WEEK: There will be no *Cinema Blasé* next week, due to an accidental neutron bomb explosion. (Hey, I swear it'll be an accident...)

Dear Forward

To: The Forward
cc: The Omen
Dear Editor,

I am absolutely fascinated by what passes for journalism at Hampshire these days. I realize that the importance I place on facts may make me sound stuffy and conservative; guess I'll just have to take that risk and set a few records straight.

In her 4/11 "news" story concerning the imminent departure of our esteemed Dean of Student Affairs, the Forward's brand new News Editor, Ms. Wilbanks, made a few rather enormous and entertaining errors.

I did not "go so far as to form an ad-hoc committee for the removal of Sanborn," as Wilbanks would have her reader believe. Rather, I am the on-campus arm of the Ad-Hoc Committee for the Development of Sustainable Leadership at Hampshire, a committee made primarily of concerned Hampshire alumni and expatriates. The committee issued a memo last semester calling for Hampshire to hire an adult: it was not-so implicitly suggested that doing so would put Sanborn out of a job, and the committee called for his departure in that context.

Attributing the memo to "one student, Jen Howk," is not only incorrect, but ethically troubling, as it is wholly hearsay. My name did not appear on the memo—the Committee's did. **I wonder where Ms. Wilbanks got her information, as neither she nor anyone from the Forward made any attempt to contact me for this story.** It is also irrelevant and unfair of Wilbanks and the Forward to have gone out of its way to mention that I am Community Council's Chairperson, as I was not Chair when the memo was written and distributed. For a publication that is already under legal fire for libel and mischaracterization, this seems ground that the Forward should be treading more gently.

The departure of the students' administrative advocate is the biggest news story of the year, and it deserves a comprehensive, balanced investigation and analysis. The Forward gave it, at best estimation, a gossip column. I congratulate Ms. Wilbanks on her new position as News Editor, and look forward to her role in this new Forward—and in a community that is content with a primary news source that consistently forsakes fairness, accuracy and legitimacy in the name of low-caliber sensationalism.

Sincerely,
Jen Howk

Never Been Kissed

by Jess Van Scoy

I really miss my car. It was OK for a little while . . . but now that spring is here I'm suffering. I wish I could just get into it like old times and drive around with the windows down and everyone piled into the cramped seats. The radio would be playing something stupid like Matchbox 20, and it would only take 5 minutes to get somewhere. But, of course, money controls our life—and since I have none, that piece of shit I love so much will be sitting in our driveway until summertime. (And even then I don't know if I will have any money left over from paying rent to BUY GAS let alone pay for insurance.) Ah—piece of shit it was. I like to think "Piece of Shit Car" by Adam Sandler was written just for her. **I was the person who kept stalling at stop signs . . . you know, the one you always gave the finger to . . .** And sometimes it would do this jerking thing if I went over 55 and finally stall in the middle of the street until I rolled it over to the side. To this day all of my friends, if they have something wrong with their car, compare it to mine. "Jesus, just as long as it's not like Jessica's car," they say. Needless

to say, jumper cables were my friend. By the end of the summer my friends and I were tempted to take baseball bats to it. Who would've guessed that I would be missing it so badly?

So, I live through my friends for driving. That's one of my favorite parts about having friends from home visit . . . they have cars. Mmmm. And they take me places and sometimes even let me drive. And I get to see where I live and what stores and restaurants are actually around here because I NEVER GET TO LEAVE THIS FUCKING CAMPUS. So, when my friend came down the other night, we hopped in the car and got to go see a movie. I was so happy to be in a car again. I watched the stars and listened to *Boys For Pele*, which was awesome because I hadn't listened to that since last Christmas with Amber and it brought back so many memories. There were four movies playing: *The Matrix*, *EdTV*, *Never Been Kissed*, and *Analyze This*. *EdTV* seemed like the only decent one that I could stand, but of course my visiting "friend" wanted to see *Never Been Kissed* (yes, he's gay), so we went to that despite my complaints.

So I know Stuckwisch is the movie guy or whatever, but I

also know that he would probably be smart enough to NOT SHOW HIS FACE AT THIS STUPID, GOD AWFUL MOVIE . . . I will tell you a little about it. This girl goes undercover for the *Chicago Sun Times* to do an article from a high schooler's perspective. As you have already seen, of course in the previews, the movie business has once again exploited teenagers into fashionable teeny-boppers. Drew Barrymore was a loser in high school and she is a loser once again. Dude, she should've just stuck to *E.T.* (Although *The Wedding Singer* did kick ass and I will beat anyone who says differently.) Except this time her English teacher wants her and says it in a not so hidden manner (even though she is supposed to be SEVENTEEN) I could tell the old man (who came to this Junior High flick ALONE) sitting two seats down from me loved this part . . . And it proceeds and ends in such a cliched, unreal, totally idiotic way. But what the hell did I expect? I'm just pissed that the one time I get to go to the movies, it was to this film. But it had a cool car in it so I didn't get too bored. Okay, so I'm not inspired at all.

Spring is here, kiddies. Live it up

It's Another White Trash Saturday Night and I Ain't Got No Booty



by Mark "Who's Your Daddy?" Hugo

It was twenty years ago today... sorry kids, it's late and I'm a bit strung right now. Let's start again, shall we?

It was a brisk night, yet my little friend who picked me up at the Exit 11 commuter lot wasn't wearing shorts appropriate for the weather. At all. I mean it. Tonight was a show night, a night on the town.

Anyways, we set off for Phillyfuckingdelphia. The city of my brother and love. Yeah, whatever. We rolled onto South Street around 5-ish (more ish than 5). I visited my brother's ex-girlfriend's cats (she wasn't home) while the kids got some supper. So you're asking yourself, "What show?" and "What's the point?" To a THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS show, of course. One of the few moments in my life where everything in the universe came together in one harmonious movement of beauty. Better than drugs and carnal pleasure combined. All until some fuckup Reel Big (Cocksucking) Fish fan yells for John Flansburg to shut up. Why would I drive from Assachusetts to Connecticut (and not the CT filled with "suck ups" as Gus puts it in her "My Spring Break" article—those people only live in Greenwich) and then to Philly? Only the greatest New Wave show on earth. The confetti cannon. The puppet heads on sticks. They

even played "Turn Around" off the much concert-neglected album, *Apollo 18* (the one after *Flood*, you dumb shit).

THEY began with "She's An Angel," from the classic, and best, album, simply named *They Might Be Giants*. Simply put, one of the greatest shows I've ever been to.

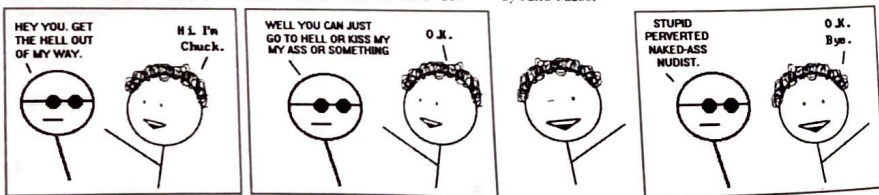
I met up with my brother after the show at the Pontiac (his home away from his skankyass pad). After Jeremy pulled me away from a ridiculous, cocaine induced (not me) guy talking about jack, we went to the opening of an art fag exhibit down by the harbor/tourist district area. There I was hit on incessantly by an older man who used to find Jeremy attractive (imagine me, a little more 80s, a little more metal, longer hair, and my father's nose). After going outside and avoiding the ex's friends, we headed back to the scum hotel (his apartment). There we hooked up with a man I'll call Sammy to go to a club I'll call Joey's Club. If you ever asked Sammy what he did for a living he'd probably say, "You know, a little of this and that," and then you'd just leave it alone. We headed off towards the after-hours club. On the way we met up with the most prickish cabby ever to drive from South Street to South Philly. He left the meter running while Sammy ran errands and refused our request to smoke (even though he knew if he cooperated he'd be taken care of). He was

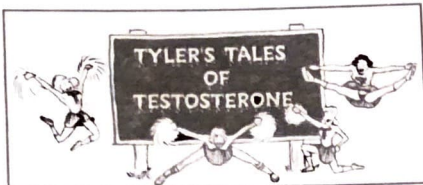
one step away from getting maced by Sammy for being a disrespectful ass. Of course I didn't know what he was pulling out in that zip lock bag of his. All I could think was *hit going down, the bag is to keep the fingerprints off the gun.*

Well, everything ended up fine. I had an excessively enjoyable evening to breakfast experience in that South Philly club. I wouldn't say anything illegal happened in that place. I'll only say that the bathroom read Men Only: Two Customers Allowed in at a Time. O. K. Yeah. I was slightly worried when my brother kept inviting "Lenny" to his next metal show. But that's a story for the next White Trash Saturday.

P. S. - Since "Peter Kowalek" has not called me to take the bacon-athon challenge (last chance man, x4438) I will take the contest solo. **I will eat nothing but bacon. I will drink nothing but cranberry juice, water, and bourbon.** I will smoke cigarettes and take medications when needed. This diet will last ten days starting Monday April 20, 1999 and finishes on April 30. Readers are invited to check up on me at the B-2 lounge. If you annoy me you will be asked impolitely to leave. Jacob Chabot and Wade Stuckwisch are named as referees. Look for my bacon log in the next *Omen*.

CHUCK IS NAKED MEETS THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY by Caleb Chabot





by Tyler M. Carey

You are cordially invited to the Wedding of Tina Valenza and John Murphy on March 27th at The Shrine of Sister Mary of the Seven Wounds, Sheephead Bay. Ceremony at 2 PM. Reception to follow at Brother Donovan's in Coney Island.

Weddings are to be happy events. I have probably been to about thirty of them in my lifetime, ranging from my experience as a seven-year-old, blinding my cousin Louise with rice, to my recent batch of about eight weddings of friends, all getting married very suddenly and secretively. My, you can almost hear the shotguns going off.

Why was I so nervous about Tina's wedding, though? We were good friends in high school. John was a sweet guy, and a doctor to boot. There wasn't anything on the surface to be disturbed about. The problem was that Tina was really my last friend from high school who wasn't married. Would that leave me almost as a defector from my old group of friends? What is the male version of an old maid? 'Confirmed bachelor' sounds so euphemistic.

While I drove through Connecticut, I pondered the fact that I hadn't found a date yet, either. It's tough to invite someone to a wedding. "Hi, I know we haven't gone out in two or three months and that it was your suggestion that we get hitched that made me run away, but do you want to go to a wedding with me on Long Island this weekend?" "Listen, can't we just renegotiate the restrain-

The Memo Revisited

ing order for one wedding?" "I want to make amends for comparing your mother to a sea-cow." "How was I to know that your father was a priest, a minister, and a rabbi at different points in his life?" "Hi, my name's Tyler. I'm in my twenties, balding, and I have no date for a wedding this weekend. Do you want to go with me?" **"SWM-20s-interested in hiking, classic rock and folk guitar. Lives for the thrill of life. Looking for a date to a wedding in late March. Pulse and a complete set of limbs a plus."**

Dateless on the eve of the wedding, I pulled into my parents' driveway in Baldwin. I found my folks sitting in the living room, sipping coffee, listening to an old Burt Bacharach album. It was another wild Friday in their retirement. Later, they might break out the cards to play bridge, and then realize they were short two people. "Hey, son! How goes it?" asked my Father, getting out of his arm chair and helping me with my bags.

My mother, on the other hand, cut to the chase, "Who are you bringing to the wedding?"

"Well, I sighed, "No one, yet. I figured I'd call the three girls who'd turned me down for the prom years ago and see if they've changed their minds. Oh wait, they're all married!"

"Fine, I was going to make a suggestion, but you had to be sarcastic." Mom turned her head back to Burt Bacharach.

"Okay, okay, okay. I'm sorry, Ma, I've just had a long trip, and a nasty experience trying to find a date. I apologize for being snippy. Now, what's your suggestion?"

"Well, I was thinking that you might take your Aunt Mora."

"Mora? Mora! My aunt? Who are we? The Beans of Egypt, Maine? Even if she wasn't my aunt, she's fifty years older than me!"

"Now hush, hush, hush! Now I know that she's your aunt, but everybody else doesn't have to know. Anyway, they just took the bandages off her facelift last week, and I'm sure she'd love to show the work off."

I sat down on the ottoman and massaged my entire face. After a moment, the frustration ceased, and I even emitted a chuckle. "Okay. I'll call Mora. At the very least, all this weirdness will probably inspire one of my columns up at school."

My mother's eyes bulged out of their sockets. "You don't write about us up there, do you?"

"No, Ma. Of course not."

Mora sobbed through the whole wedding, and she'd never even met Tina or John. "Oh my gawd! She looks so gawgeous!" she'd exclaim to me during a prayer in the sanctuary. Every once in a while, she'd rub a still wrinkled hand across her unnaturally smooth face and 'whisper' to me, "By the way, did Dr. Wallace do a good job on me this time? They

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say that after eight facelifts your face doesn't improve that much."

Mora was able to keep silent enough during the vows to allow the priest to hear Tina and John say, "I do." After the lighting of candles and the sharing of communion, the lovely couple recessed down the aisle, stopping at the vestibule to await all of us in the receiving line. Mora babbled on about her previous four weddings, the first of which was during World War II.

It was while Mora was going on about her rampant affairs during the sixties with certain Hollywood actors that I noticed Roberto ahead of us on the line. Roberto had been the standard Long Island hoodlum in high school who so wanted to be a member of the Mafia. I ducked behind Mora's willowy frame, hoping to avoid him. We hadn't parted on friendly terms, me turning him into the police for mauling my brother and all.

Of course, the wedding planners had decided to seat us together at the reception. Mora chatted with his fiancée about her 'gawgeous' jewelry while Roberto eyed me with the same stare that he used on the fruit cocktail that sat before him. Tense silence passed when he reached across the centerpiece and patted my cheek, exclaiming with a smile, "Relax! Goin' ta jail was da best ting dat ever happened to me!"

I quietly grabbed one of the five forks that lay before me for protection. "Re-really, Roberto? Why was that?"

He laughed, "Well, ya see, none of da wiseguys took me seriously before ya had me sent ta jail for wreckin' your brotha and all. But when I's got out, I was a golden-boy, I tell ya!" For Pete's sake, he was a walking stereotype.

"Really? Well, I'm glad I helped you out, Roberto."

"Yeah, it's funny really. Y'know I'm workin' wit' some guys

on a case right now dat relates to ya."

The blood quickly drained from my face. There was no way this could be true. Me? Involved in a Mafia ring? Was it about my father? Sure, he'd been a cop for many years, but what did that have to do with a mob vendetta? All these thoughts flooded my head as I panicked.

"What—what's that, Roberto?" I tried to say calmly.

"Well, ya see," he mumbled, and he reached into his pocket. I quickly considered using Mora as a human shield if he produced a gun. Instead, he grabbed a piece of paper out of his pocket. It was a crinkled page from a magazine of some sort. "Ya wrote dis arc-tickle about how ya college was goin' down da shitta, right?" Sure enough, the paper he produced was my article entitled *Why the Mafia Should Take Over Hampshire College*.

"Oh, Man," I thought. "Well, someone up dere actually sent us a copy. Funny gag, right?" He socked me in the arm with a fist like a frozen turkey. **"Got one of our guys ta tinkin' tho', what if we's did take over a college?"**

I don't tink we've ever tried dat racket before!" He grinned, showing a gold tooth. "So, just so you're at ease wit yaself, I'm on da job!"

What did this 'job' entail? No one would really be whacked, would they? The article was just a gag, a harmless piece of bullshit, like every other humor column I'd ever written. But here was Roberto, with a copy of my fraudulent memo to the Mafia, checking off which jobs he'd already done. Taking over Public Safety - Check. Subsidizing prostitution on campus - Check. Subsidizing the alcohol and drug trades on campus - Check. Reorganizing the administration - Check.

"Wait!" I said, "Okay, I can

actually believe the first few, but what's this about the administration being reorganized? They still seem as screwy as ever."

Roberto gave himself another gold-tooth-bearing-chuckle. "Give 'em a few days," he growled. "When ya get up dere, in fact, you'll find dat da Dean of Students will have 'resigned.'"

"Dr. Bob? What they hell did you do to that harmless idiot?"

"Well," Roberto removed a silver plated tooth-pick from his right breast pocket and proceeded to pick chunks of pineapple out of his teeth. "Let's just say dat he decided to leave." He leaned forward, toothpick in hand. "Of his own volition."

"Leave? Where's he going?" "Oklahoma. We always tell 'em to say dat they're going to Oklahoma."

"Why?" "Who would ever tink of da Mob and Oklahoma in da same thought?"

"Oh, so what are you really doing with him?" I asked, visions of cement shoes, dancing in my head.

Roberto spread his napkin smooth on his lap and blushed a little. "Well, actually, he is goin' ta Oklahoma. Tulsa, in fact. We tried ta intimidate him, an' den he said somethin' about a better offer and just, well, he just left!" Roberto was silent for a second. I suppressed an urge to giggle.

"But if he'd given us trouble, well..." and he trailed off into a self confident chuckle.

Slowly, I began to become more aware of Mora whining about how she was having an allergic reaction to the pineapple in the fruit cup or somesuch. I don't really recall. I just remember my mind drifting back to Roberto and Dr. Bob. "The Mafia vs. Hampshire College", and wondering which party really won.



Whomp You With The Commie Book

by Gus Andrews

I went to that lecture on the psychology of Hampshire the other day; you didn't, probably. It looked like the talk was going to be really exciting, at first. The speaker was the mother of a Hampshire student, so she understands the place, and she's started programs at two separate schools which have entirely eliminated attrition. (Not that total eradication of attrition is even a vaguely reasonable goal here; there will always be people for whom the composting program at the Farm Center is just plain Non Satis, and they'll move on to stinkier pastures.) She talked about helping students survive the infamous "floundering period" by improving connections between older and younger students, which always seemed like a good idea to me. I'm hoping she'll come back and talk to someone who actually has some power to get things done on this campus, at some point.

Unfortunately, her audience was entirely composed of hippies. (Well, there were activists, too.) I swear to god every single hippie at the college and her stoned Labrador was there. I think most people were there because they were friends of the speaker's daughter. The discussion quickly disintegrated into promises that people would meet again soon to create groups to talk about these issues, and as with all meetings held to discuss the problems with Hampshire, the topic inevitably turned towards the lack of community on campus.

Now, I have heard that discussion each of the four years I've been here, and each time I have stupidly gotten my hopes up. People keep bringing up community as if it's a new and zingy word which has never been uttered by a Hampshire student before. There's no institutional memory whatsoever that this dialog keeps happening over and over. So I had to leave at that point, and I missed the rest of the discussion.

(Apologies to all the hippies whose rewarded ideas I am ignoring. Not that I have any delusions that they're reading this; this is the *Omen*, for chrissakes. It has a very specific audience, one with a very high penis-humor tolerance.)

The truth of the matter is, faculty, students, and staff gravitate to Hampshire for different reasons. We have no common purpose in coming here. It's generally acknowledged that individualism to the point of selfishness is a major factor in the splintering of the community. Like most of the talking points on campus, nothing concrete is ever proposed to foster community.

Sure, we hold a few dances or invite giant paper mache demons to stomp all over our lawns in the name of making community, but nobody ever tries to change the institution itself.

I have an idea, though. It came to me after hearing Aaron Berman give his candidate speech for the office of Dean of Faculty. Aaron said a lot of wonderful things, though frankly he could have spent the entire time giggling and trying to dress Lester Mazon in one of those patchwork backless hippie halter-tops, for all I care. I already knew I'd rather have him as Dean than any outside hire. You can't pop people in and out of administrative positions like cogs here. The people running the college need to understand its culture, and I don't think that less than a year's work at Hampshire is enough to equip them for that. Aaron's been around since 1970 as a student, professor, and administrator, and still the trustees are hell-bent on interviewing people who supposedly did better work elsewhere, like West Point. I just don't get it. Anyway, it struck me

that someone should ask each candidate something that would reveal their politics. So I did. Specifically, I asked Aaron what he would do in a situation like the recent union drives on campus, where most administrators on campus justified their anti-union stance by implying it would hurt the college financially if there was a union on campus, or an earlier scenario where Hampshire divested its shares in Shell Oil because of the company's involvement in apartheid South Africa. Aaron said his response as Dean would depend on the particular case, but it all came down to whether he could look at himself in the mirror in the morning. Does this man rock, or what?

I think Hampshire's administration needs to reconcile itself to the fact that the college is a magnet for people with a certain set of values, and that these are values which might not be popular with mainstream American culture. Maybe it's time to let go of the college's founders' idea that Hampshire should be politically neutral. All institutions do have values, really; most "normal" ones just try to convince you that they are neutral and that unionists, vegans, feminists, and other people who express minority values publicly are weirdos who let their emotions overcome their "rationality."

I think Hampshire should start truthfully admitting what it really is, starting with admissions literature. Despite all my public whining on the topic, Hampshire's admissions literature still has about as much bite as a toothless comb. It contains a lot of mealy-mouthed simpering about "rigor" and "flexibility" ("oxymorons," anyone?) and "alternatives" and "educational inquiry" undertaken by "talented" students. (It says we're talented twice; it must be true.) I'll stop short of advocating that Hampshire should advertise with flyers emblazoned with Che Guevara's head

and the motto CHE SPOKEN HERE (though such tactics seem to be working for Taco Bell), but I think prospective students should know that they will be exposed to socialist, anarchist, and heavy progressive ideas here, if not outright indoctrinated into such beliefs.

What we need is just a little heads-up in the admissions literature that says to people, "Be prepared to participate in shaping this college somehow." Or maybe even "Don't bother showing up if you don't intend to participate in discussions of what this college is here for." I know that diversity of opinion and diversity of intention are good things, but I get tired of meeting Hampshire students who only enrolled because they missed the application deadline for every other college or they didn't really want to go to college at all.

Even including the folks who are here by accident, we all seem to have one basic assumption in common, one which even the founders of the college held: traditional education doesn't work. You'd be hard-pressed to find a Hampshire community member who thinks the rest of the world is doing school right, even if we disagree about whether Hampshire makes a significant improvement. So why can't the institution give

some backing to our common visions? Why doesn't Hampshire work on becoming an intentional community?

I may be losing some of you by bringing up the phrase "intentional community" . . . here's a definition of intentional communities which pretty much sums up what I mean: "An 'intentional community' is a group of people dedicated with intent, purpose, and commitment to a mutual concern. Generally the group . . . [lives] close enough geographically . . . that it can effectively carry out the purposes to which it is dedicated." (that's from <http://www.ic.org/fic/cdir/art/05quest.html>, a page which you'll never look up because Saga doesn't have net hookups yet, despite the lobbying efforts of a subcommittee of the Hampshire Code Poets Association known as Get Electronic Eating Kiosks, Yes!, and let's face it, the life of an average copy of the *Omen* doesn't reach beyond Saga.) Elsewhere on the site someone defines an intentional community as opposed to a "circumstantial community," like a city or neighborhood, where people "live in proximity by chance" and aren't compelled to interact.

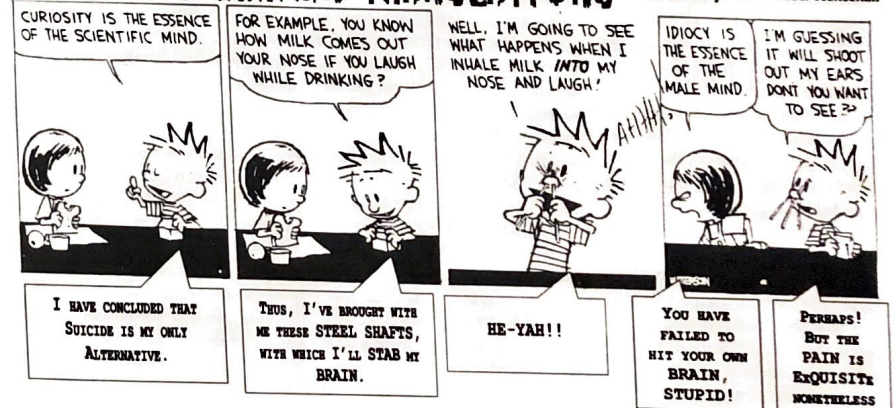
I'll admit intentional communities have their flaws. I have a friend

whose mother lives in an intentional community, and despite the community's progressive, egalitarian bent a number of the residents had a hissy fit when a working-class family applied for a house in their complex. (In this particular area, "working-class" means your job probably involves cutting down old-growth forest, and this family was in the logging industry.) Keep in mind, though, that all neighborhoods really are grouped by some sort of common interest. It's the reason why the real estate agent didn't show my dad houses in the ghetto when he moved recently. In a world where a realtor's sense of socioeconomic status decides where we live, I think there's something to be said for choosing your living space based on your ideals and work you collectively want to get done.

Then again maybe we really can't afford to alienate any incoming students . . . Last I checked, we were still accepting half of all applicants. I suppose we'll just have to welcome them into the fold like everyone else, and whomp them unconscious with our little red books when they're looking the other way, just like we always do. Hey, who says Hampshire has no traditions. **O**

Nihilistic German Translations

Original by Bill Watterson
Translated by Jason Wilder Konschack





The Waffle King

Part Four: The Past

by Michael "Benni" Pierce

In Part Three: Susanna, Brendan was asked to leave the Yurt (which he had locked himself into after killing an old shop owner for a cloak and burning the hand of a fellow student in a waffle iron) by Susanna Murphy (his female love interest) in exchange for a date. She agreed, but he did not, saying that he would not leave unless he was not disturbed by the authorities for the next two days. She understood, then left him, alone.

"As Brendan finished gobbling down the remaining waffles brought to him by Susanna, he sat back and breathed in the aroma left in the Yurt. It was a combination of Susanna's sweet perfume and the wholesome scent of breakfast. It reminded him of being at home, locked in his room, lying on his bed, watching the smoking incense rings circle above his head. It reminded him of the promise he had then made himself to go to Hampshire College and not ever "lock" himself away again. It seemed that old habits did die hard.

"This revelation brought Brendan to his feet. He marched directly over to the Yurt's door. Then, his hand opened it, allowing the chilled Massachusetts' air to blow inside. It passed right through him, filling the Yurt, carrying out the loving aroma, leaving nothing but an icy stain behind.

"You really don't know what you have here, do you son?" whispered the wind. "You really don't know what you've gotten yourself into this time, but you sure aren't happy about it..." Brendan turned, and the wind stopped blowing. Standing there, in the Yurt, in front of him,

was the old man from 'Superunknowns.' He looked well. He was not injured in any way. He was still quite alive.

"How... wha-what is this?" stuttered Brendan, trying to keep his distance from the apparent apparition. It was still. It did not breathe. It did not move. It merely watched. Brendan was being watched.

"Is this a joke?" asked Brendan, gaining some courage. "Am I just hallucinating from not eating in so long? Is this some form of self-torture?" The form did not move. Suddenly, the door to the Yurt slammed shut. Brendan spun around.

"Do you have any idea what you have done to yourself? What you have become? Do you know what that cloak has done to

you?" Brendan turned again and dashed at the spirit. He stopped right in front of it and screamed, "Don't you dare talk to me about this fuckin' cloak! You have no idea what this cloak means to me. It has given me more happiness than anything I have ever possessed in my life..."

"I see." The ghostly form now spoke. "I didn't deserve the cloak either, son, and do you know what happened to me because of it? I killed a man for it, and as he died, the cloak absorbed his soul. Just as you killed me..."

"You forced me to kill you! You wouldn't let me buy the cloak, and there was no good reason why I couldn't have it!" Brendan continued to scream, "If you had just let me buy it..."

"You would not have earned it," whispered the spirit, "It is not the cloak you want, my dear boy, but the ability to have it. I wanted the cloak, not because I needed the cloak, but because the man would not let me have it. I had to kill him to have it. I didn't think I could take him, but I did."

"But I didn't mean to ask you! I just didn't want to leave without the cloak—do you understand? I'm sorry that what happened did, but the past is the past. The shadow of the once-man looked down mournfully, "And it is your past that determines your future. It seems as if you have sealed your own fate in the choices you have made."

"Brendan was just about to ask him what he meant by that when there came a sound from outside of the Yurt. It started out as a couple of voices. Then, as the sounds grew louder, Brendan, now slightly panicked, dashed to a nearby window and looked out.

"What you see there, son, is your destiny. You cannot change it. You could not find a reason within yourself to love, and now, as the cloak has proven to both you and me, you cannot survive without it, for it gives you the power to live. Not love or happiness or sex were good enough reasons to live. But when you found this cloak, obsession was the one thing that empowered you. You have accepted Satan's bribe..."

"FUCK YOU!" screamed Brendan. He jumped down from the window at the spirit, but it was gone as soon as he hit the floor. The voices from outside were now all around the Yurt. He was surrounded. He was under seige.

To be continued next issue: The battle to survive begins...



Advice from a Caterpillar

by Jason "Wilder" Konschak

Editor's Note: The Bndoundou phrase, "Quoogy Doogy Yug Yug" translates to, "Give me my pants back."

One warm afternoon, Dr. Wilder was getting very tired of sitting by the Bndoundou Tribe's campfire because he felt exceedingly lonely. He thought, "Life among the blowgun, the herb-dye, the massacre-crazed, and dark-wheat dazed, it makes a man feel loved by the Earth, but it doesn't fulfill a man's need for the hunka-chunka."

Just then, a half-naked native woman, about 19 years old, happened to skip by, declaring, "Zook zook eegoo ook!" which roughly translates to, "Dear oh dear! I shall be late!"

The doctor stood and began to follow her, but she fell into a pit, which is odd if one thinks about it, out in the middle of an African savanna. Yet, in another moment, down went Dr. Wilder after her, never considering how in the world he was going to get out again.

Either the pit was very deep, or he was falling very slowly, for he seemed to fall down the hole for a terribly long while. "I should wonder if I'll ever hit bottom!" he thought to himself. "I shouldn't like to fall forever!"

Dr. Wilder reached out to touch the walls that were rushing by him, which was quite a dumbass thing to do. "Aw, fuck!" he shouted, because he found the he'd not only broken his finger, but he'd also set himself into quite a dizzying spin.

And he was so concerned

with his hurting finger, he never noticed the bottom coming swiftly toward the crown of his head. "Oh!" he gasped, surprised indeed when he landed on it.

He rubbed his eyes to get the blood out of them, and soon saw the fine Bndoundou woman scurrying under a large velvet curtain. "Hey baby. You don't have to run from Dr. Wilder. He's got the tools to make you better," he said, crawling toward the curtain. He slipped under it, but found that the girl was already gone. The only exit in the room was a tiny door, only half an inch tall. "How'd she get her big butt through that thing..."

Playing with the door, he found that it was so small he couldn't even fit his nose into it. Though he did get his tongue quite stuck. This was no surprise to him.

"Whatever shall I do now?" he asked himself. "What a very strange day this has been!" He tugged and tugged at his tongue, like a dog pulling at a piece of rope, and finally he freed himself with a sudden jump. He fell backward, and knocked his head sharply against the edge of a table.

When the doctor finished cursing, he found that the table had two items on it. One was a mushroom, and the other a bottle of potion. The mushroom said, "Eat me." The bottle said, "Drink me."

"How rude!" Dr. Wilder thought. "It's not polite to tell a guest to eat you. That is for second dates."

Therefore, Dr. Wilder chose to drink the potion. After swallowing it, he felt a very queer sensation,

and found that he was getting much larger, in a way that was unusual for even him. "This shall not do at all!" he thought. "Now I'm far too big for even a normal door." Then, something occurred to him. "But, hell, I could just punch down the fucking wall."

And that is just what he did.

On the other side of the wall, Dr. Wilder was astonished to find a wide green meadow, with many hills, and many lovely flowers. Feeling somewhat better about his adventures now, he skipped for a good while until he came upon a strange billow of smoke, which spiraled up from a mushroom patch, like the fumes from burning incense.

There, he bent down and saw a little caterpillar, sitting on the back of a mushroom, smoking a hookah. "Whoooo are yooooouuuu?" the little bug inquired.

"I'm a mushroom-cloud layin' mutha-fucka, mutha-fucka, so you better give me a puff of that hookah, you see?"

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"Then take a look at this, slug," Dr. Wilder said, and he put his thumb and pointer-finger on either side of the little fellow's head.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"Oh yeah?"

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"Yes. I have advice for you," the Caterpillar said. "Keep your temper."

"Is that all?" asked Dr. Wilder, swallowing down his anger as best he could.

"Yes," said the Caterpillar.

"Well then, I'm crrrrrshink your head!"

Then splat. Splat.

Proudly smoking his new hookah, and feeling entirely pleased with himself, Dr. Wilder arrived at an enormous, dark, frightening forest, which came up to his crotch. Seeing nowhere better to go, he waded through the wretched forest, until he heard a voice calling down to him from the clouds. He looked up, and what did he see floating above him, but a large smiling cat, just out of his reach.

"Are you going to turn into a pig?" the cat inquired.

"I certainly hope not," Dr. Wilder said, feeling a bit concerned. "I shouldn't like being a pig at all."

Then, all at once, the cat vanished.

Shrugging this off, Dr. Wilder walked on. But before long, the cat appeared again, so suddenly that it made the doctor gasp with surprise. "Oh!"

"Which way are you going?" the cat asked this time.

"Wherever there aren't any crazy people."

"Oh, well you'll have a hard time with that **We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad. We're all mad.**"

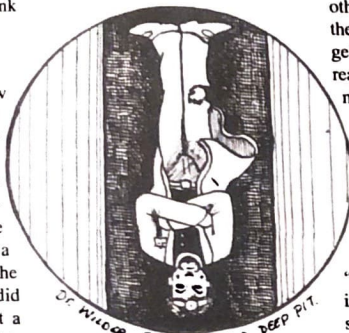
"How do you know I'm mad?"

"Oh, you must be, or you wouldn't have come here."

"And how could you possibly know that you're mad?"

At that, the cat went *pop!* and was gone again.

Dr. Wilder put his hands on his hips and stood still, tapping his foot. He was certain that the cat would be back sooner than later. And, sure enough, it was not long before the cat reappeared.



"Is a dog mad?" the cat asked.

"No, a dog is not mad."

"Well, a dog wags its tail when it's happy, and growls when it's mad. I growl when I'm happy, and wag my tail when I'm happy. So, I'm mad."

"Why don't you go lick yourself, Fatso? And don't disappear so suddenly this time! It's annoying!" And so the cat slowly vanished, a little bit at a time, finally leaving nothing but his smile. "Well, I've seen a cat without a grin before, but I've never seen a grin without a cat!"

Then he made the mistake of walking on, because before he'd taken three steps, the cat appeared again. "Damn it, cat! What now?"

"You are going to the house of the March Hare!" the cat said.

"If you don't get out of here, I'm gonna skin you alive!"

"Oh, but you can't reach me," said the cat.

At that, Dr. Wilder jumped up into the air, and snatched the cat from the sky. "You forget that I can

jump!"

Then he took the cat by the tail, spun it around, and beat it against a rock.

Feeling short of temper now (he'd been rather randy at the start of the day, and thus far he'd not seen another sign of the half-naked native) the doctor was wondering if he'd ever get booty again. That was when he realized that he was far too big for any normal woman now. "What a predicament to be in!" he sighed. "How ever can I make myself small again?"

He put all his medical training into this problem, trying to develop a plan to make him normal once more. "I know!" he declared. "I shall think of my fat grandmother in a bikini." He did just that. As he shrunk, he screamed very loudly, because the thought was frightfully disturbing, indeed. "AHHHHH!!!"

Before long, he was back to his normal size and on his way again to the house of the March Hare, where he hoped to get a piece. What he found there instead was a huge table, set for tea, with hundreds of places set. Yet, the only persons there were the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse, who was sound asleep between the other two. When they saw him coming, they all cried, "No room! No room!"

"Listen here, suckas, there certainly is room," he said, taking a seat across from them. "Have any of you seen a half-naked, herb-dyed chick run through here, worrying about the time?"

"Time?" the Mad Hatter shouted, and he held up his pocket-watch. "We put butter in my watch, and now it doesn't work! It's because the Hare used the knife to put it in, and there were crumbs on it!"

"Your watch is whak. It only has months on it," Dr. Wilder pointed out.

"That's because I offended Old Man Time, and he ignores me now. So it's always tea-time for me. New cup! Move down!" he cried.

"If you lame-ohs want to be as sane and well-adjusted as me, Dr. Wilder, you'll sit still and listen up."

"No time! No time here at all! New cup! Move down!" the Hatter cried, beginning to panic. At that, the Dormouse awoke, and began to sing, but Dr. Wilder had already had enough.

The doctor grabbed a tin teapot, and splashed boiling water into the Mad Hatter's face. The Hatter cried out, "NOW I'VE OFFENDED TEMPERATURE!" and fell over backward in his chair, yelling bloody murder. The March Hare would have reacted with deadly ferocity, except he was disabled with a fit of horrendous shrieking giggles.

Next, Dr. Wilder leapt up onto the table, and drop-kicked the Dormouse like a football. The pudgy rat soared up over the roof of the March Hare's cottage, singing, "Up above the earth so high, like a tea tray in the sky!" until he landed in the chimney, and was consumed by flames.

The March Hare found this exceedingly funny, and could not cease his dreadful fits of laughter. Dr. Wilder was about to pummel him with the teapot, but the Hare abruptly ceased laughing. His head flopped limp onto his buttered scones.

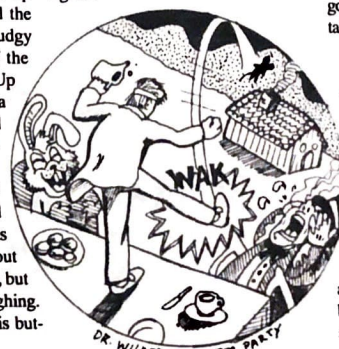
The good doctor inspected the furry corpse. "The fool had a stroke. That's what you get when you drink tea all the time! The shit's bad for you! Should drink milk! Like Mr. T!"

Now, after this folly, he'd had a more than sufficient visit to this strange place. He wanted nothing more than to go back home, where he could call up an ex-girl-

friend, instead of chasing an exotic foreign lover across the wonkiest place on earth. Alas, having little choice, he trudged across a stone bridge, and came into a garden filled with rose trees. The smell of fresh flowers made him feel nearly twice as hungry for sweet-lovin'.

In the garden, playing cards, as tall as he, were painting all the white roses red. Dr. Wilder figured that a discussion with these characters would be a waste of time, so he skipped directly to beating them up.

But, before he'd wiped his hands from the deed, a response came. "Off with his head! Off with his head!" a female voice cried out from behind him. He turned to see the Queen of Hearts, marching ahead of an elegant procession of cards. "Off with his head!" she cried again.



"Oh, fuck off," Dr. Wilder said, very loudly, and very decidedly. The Queen was silent.

"You're a brave man, to say such things!"

"Yeah, honey, well I certainly hope you're more fun than your sister, The Spade Queen," he responded, wondering how he was going to kill so many cards at once.

"You make me blush," the

Queen said.

Then the doctor had an idea. The doctor had a wonderfully awful idea.

"What do you say we go back to your palace, toots, and you show me your royal chambers?"

"Bruff-huff!" the King belched. "You can't speak to my wife in such a manner!"

So Dr. Wilder tore him in half. "You're the King of Broken Hearts now, you semi-literate prick."

"Oh my!" the Queen gasped.

The doctor turned a debonaire eye to the svelte card woman. "Now, shall we begin?"

"What are you saying, strange man?"

"Angel, I don't care where we go. I don't care what we do. Baby, just take me with you."

"But whatever for?"

"Because I'm the Prince, and when it comes to funk, I am the chunky."

"What about me? I'm a Prince!" the Jack asked in a squeaky voice, seconds before he was tragically torn in half.

"You can relax now, the doctor is in control," he said, stepping beside her royal highness. Dr. Wilder and the Queen strutted off, arm in arm; but, before they were gone, the Queen asked, "You don't have anything to do with the beautiful chocolate girl, who cries 'Quoopy Quoopy Yug Yug,' do you?"

"Why yes... I do..." the doctor grinned.

"You must speak a strange language in the land you two come from."

"Yes, we do," Dr. Wilder grinned. "And we have another fascinating word... it is 'merange a toes'... perhaps we two can teach you about it."

THE END

Apathetic AssMasters Anonymous

by Gareth Edel

People complain. They say that us Hampshire students are all uninvolved. We don't care. We rant about empty radicalism: here at the *Omen*, we put a whole magazine out which has no message; we all put together our articles at the last minute; we are as bad as the rest.

People talk about student apathy. I think that it is a problem, but people are involved some of the time. I wish that we could all be invested in the campus, but I, for one, have a lot of irons in the fire. I don't have the time to fight the administrators or fix the world's ills. I barely have time to write this *Omen* article. Despite all of Hampshire's problems, I still like it here.

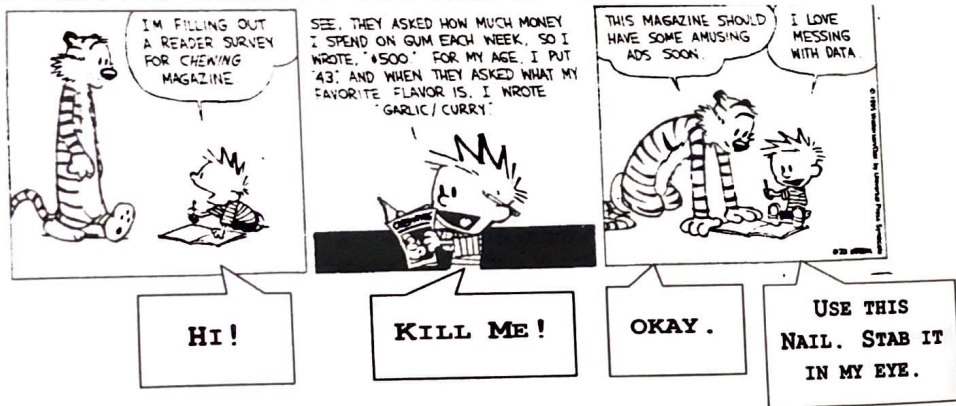
I am invested here. I want to stay. I have been told that I am apathetic because I don't pay attention to Community Council and I ignore the changes in rules. **I am not apathetic. I am focused. I may be accused of disgusting self-interest, but not apathy.** I am concerned with events on campus. I just don't have the energy to fix all the problems, so I ignore them and focus on the good stuff.

Hampshire draws students who become focused on their own lives. We (the collective student body) have a lot of stuff going on. I know students in NS, in Theatre, Film, and other areas of the college. Most students I know aren't apathetic. They are tired and busy. The self-interest that people interpret as apathy may be a problem, but if we don't cut down on the expectations we have for ourselves, we don't have the time for school politics. For those people who work to change the school, priority is given in different places. For those who want to be political, there are opportunities. I don't choose to be involved in politics, but I am not apathetic. I pay attention to special interest housing, to the Div. I, II, and III policies and the new faculty. I have been on committees and joined groups, signed petitions and written letters. The fact is we need to find ways to support students, not ways to berate their apathy. I like my apathy: it is my own.

NIHILISTIC GERMAN TRANSLATIONS

Original by Bill Watterson

Translated by Jason Wilder Konschak



I'm Bitter, will You Sleep with Me?

by Catharine Bell-Wetteroth

I've avoided publishing anything in the *Omen* for almost two years now, due to its tendency toward misspellings, poor grammar, and other typos. Most of these are so glaringly obvious that even the most inept proofreader should have noticed, had someone actually bothered to look the thing over. And no, I wasn't a member of the MGM. But I hope that writing this will be fun.

I'm here to discuss the subject that everyone talks about: sex. Except for all the people in happy, committed, monogamous relationships; happy, committed, polyamorous relationships; and joyous slutdom, the rest of the Hampshire community doesn't seem to be getting any. And they all want it (okay, so a few don't). I'll stop including the exceptions now, and go on in typical *Omen*-style hyperbole.

(Anyhow, a few of my friends and I have been discussing founding a brothel mod.) At first we figured we could get special interest housing—brothels have been historically oppressed, after all.

But now I'm not sure the college would want to give such a mod institutional support. Besides, everyone into the idea is either A) not coming back, B) going on leave for the fall, or C) considering going on leave for the fall. So it certainly won't happen right away. There are both pros and cons to the idea. The pros: well, we all have to find some way to afford this place . . . The cons: being in a brothel implies you have to accept anyone. Some people are just icky. We would need Lady Sally to run it for it to be really good.

So I'm not even sure I would want to do it. However, I've got an even better proposal to replace the brothel mod.

Hampshire needs a sex club. Call it a swingers lounge, an orgy parlor, what have you. Just a place that's nice and comfy where people can go for sex. You would show up and know that every one else was also there for the exact same purpose. That way no one would be afraid to ask anyone. I've been debating this idea with other people. Some say it should just be a meeting place, and people would have to go back to their own rooms for the consummation. But I think it should be a full-blown deal. There should be a main gathering room, a dance room, a group room, private rooms, theme rooms such as a dungeon, a hot tub, etc. Of course, that would probably cost a lot to build. . .

So maybe we would have to start off small. We could just use the Prescott Tavern's upper floors. Or someone might be willing to volunteer their mod or lounge.

Now that it's too late, I realize maybe that should have been my Community Council platform. Kai got more votes than me, after all.

Okay, so maybe I just have a twisted mind. I'll admit it—one of the main reasons I'm taking Quantum Mechanics (other than my Div 2, of course) is for the chance of more intelligent sexual innuendo. Come on, there are equations like $(a + bi) + (c + di) = a + c + i(b + d)$. And they actually use that!

Now I will explain my greatest contribution to science so far. As I guess you know, atoms are made of

protons, neutrons, and electrons. These are cute little particles, right? And light is electromagnetic waves. Hmm . . . turns out things like electrons can act as waves. And light is made of particles called photons (like in Star Trek). Huh? Well, it's simple. Photons aren't really waves or particles, nor are they some combination of the two. They are something else, which sometimes appears to us to exhibit the characteristics of either particles or waves. Basically, they're bisexual (I warned you I was weird).

Electrons can kiss whoever they want to on the sidewalk and it doesn't make them gay or straight.

Now that you think I'm a complete freak, I'll just close by saying that I think our new sex parlor should be called Stratton. I discovered that name this past summer and it's the coolest ever. If you don't agree with me, you've got it all backwards. I propose that we get Stratton up and running as soon as possible, and then there will be no more complaints about a lack of sex. Everyone start practicing your pickup lines!

P.S. You're not gonna respect me any less for this article, are you?

P.P.S. Since this is being published in the *Omen* . . . Mat Lauritsen, I was the duct tape girl. But lately I've learned that getting mentioned in the *Omen* can be fun (thanks for the cameos of *PolyLingus*) and also scary (having P.S. notices calling me the duct tape girl).

Rick and SAURU in FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER 13- THE DAUGHTER

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